

THE INNER ENTRANCE, WHERE, BEFORE THE TIME OF AUTOMOBILES, THE CARRIAGES WERE KEPT.



THE BACK SALA IN COOL BLUE, FROM THE WINDOW OF WHICH IS A SUPERB VIEW OF THE HARBOR.



THE OUTER ENTRANCE. THE DOOR OPENS PARTLY TO ADMIT VISITORS ON FOOT AND ALL THE WAY FOR CARRIAGES.

MANILA FAST BECOMING A CITY OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES

THAT Manila has attractions as a place of residence is shown by the photographs reproduced on this page. As a matter of fact, Manila is a city of beautiful homes and extremely picturesque surroundings; the colorful Orient blended with the practical convenience of the Occident.

In the early days, from 1900 to 1903, there was great difficulty in finding suitable homes for civilians and quarters for officers of the army. At present in and about the city there are many attractive dwellings, rearranged Spanish houses and thoroughly up to date bungalows. Possibly one might criticize the intimate way in which some of the pretty concrete bungalows are huddled, two or three together, on a plot of land which, in Singapore or Colombo, would be considered inadequate for the grounds of one home. Inside, however, the tiny house is luminously fresh and clean. If you are an American, the condensed convenience of it all may compensate to a degree for the restricted lawn. It is the spirit of practically moved, straight over to the Philippines from the United States, which builds two houses where one should be.

Comparatively few Americans have built homes of their own. Mostly they have lived in the old Spanish houses, which are exceedingly commodious and picturesque, but often rather primitive as regards sanitary arrangements. They are solidly constructed to keep out the heat of the sun and also the typhoons, the cyclones of the tropics.

The sliding windows with their many small panes of opalescent oyster shell can enclose the house completely against ravaging wind and rain. There is invariably a stone paved courtyard where, before the days of automobiles, the carriages were kept. The family occupied the upper story, while the servants' quarters were on the ground floor. There were never more than two stories because of possible earthquakes. As a rule, the stable was underneath, or near the kitchen, and the horses were brought around

from the back and harnessed to the carriage in the front courtyard.

The photographs show a typical dwelling of the better class. The iron barred windows of Spanish times are seen always in Manila, even in the modern bungalows. They afford excellent protection against marauders, both animal and human.

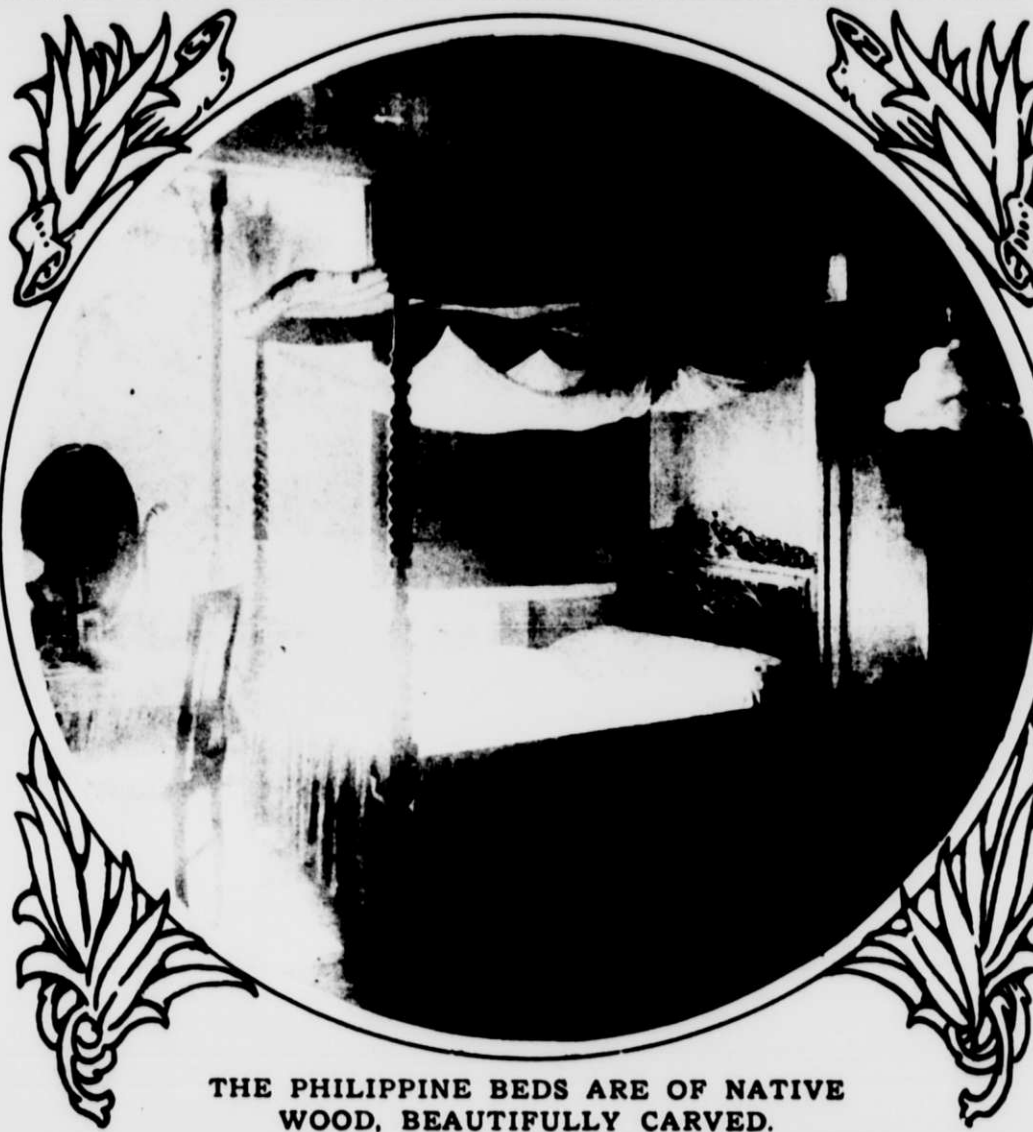
The inner entrance, paved with blocks of stone, leads by the tiled steps and hallway to the dining room, often in the older houses on the ground floor. Beyond are the servants' quarters and kitchen. To the left before entering the dining room is the room of the No. 1 boy or major-domo, who superintends the household and must be always on hand. In the house illustrated the corridor, or dining room, has a tiled floor, barred windows and furniture of the beautiful native hard wood, narra, which resembles mahogany. The table, which seats twelve persons, is of one piece of narra.

The walls of the stairway are decorated with very old temple hangings and Moro scarfs, intricately woven by hand and vividly colored. Frequently the stairway leads directly into the large middle sala, which is a combination of hall and drawing room. Walls and ceiling are covered with cloth which is painted or frescoed. In the sala of the house pictured the frescoing is in soft pink.

The chairs, of woven sea grass and bamboo, are painted white and upholstered in pink flowered chintz. Old shaped pieces of blackwood and narra furniture are all about, and ancient and curious embroideries, prints and bronzes adorn walls and tables. All the rooms are wonderfully ample and airy. Floors, doors, blinds and all woodwork finishings are of exquisite native timber.

The large black sala, in cool blue, opens on a veranda which faces the sea. Here one has a superb view of outgoing and incoming ships in the natural harbor, guarded on either side by mountainous Marietas and Corregidor. Around the rooms, which are on the weather side of the house, runs a gallery, or small corridor, perhaps four feet wide. In time of severest typhoons it can be entirely enclosed so as to shelter the rooms in case the sliding windows are not sufficient protection.

Natives and many Americans sleep on the Filipino beds. They are of narra, four posted and often extravagantly and beautifully carved.



THE PHILIPPINE BEDS ARE OF NATIVE WOOD, BEAUTIFULLY CARVED.

The canopy over the top holds the necessary mosquito curtain. There is a border of the wood about four inches wide and the rest of the bed is precisely like a cane seated chair. Over this the native spreads a straw mat or "petate" and a sheet. The American makes a concession to temperate zone comfort by having a mattress to fit over the woven cane.

There are no cupboards in the Spanish houses nor indeed in the newer dwellings of American design. Because of the intense humidity during the rainy season built-in closets would not be advisable. Wardrobes of native cane or narra wood and ornamented with delicate carving contain one's clothing.

Incidentally the Filipino's manner of awakening one from sleep is rather curious. There is an ancient and firmly established belief among the natives that during slumber the soul is away from the body. Therefore the Filipino reasons, if awakened abruptly, one would have no soul. So he taps upon the door, first very lightly, and in a triple pianissimo whisper: "Senor!" Again he calls, pianissimo this time, and so on, through a gradual crescendo of perhaps seven tones, till you hear him and awaken.

The Filipino as a servant is generally a success. Well and carefully trained he is a joy. "He" is invariably is, for only muchachos or boys are employed for household duties. In age he may range from 16 to 60, but he is always called "boy."

The Filipino women never serve in any other capacity than as sewing women, lavanderas (washwomen) and children's nurses. There are many excellent Chinese cooks in Manila, but if the Filipino is conscientiously taught he will become a remarkable cook with a better idea of seasoning than the Chinaman, whose cuisine is more or less mechanical and according to set rules.

Families who have lived in the Philippines for several years insist upon the native costume for their servants. The muchachos of the old time English and Spanish families wore always the costume of their country. It consists of loose white duck or drill trousers and an upper garment of white called a "camisa China" like a laundered shirt with stiff bosom and turned down collar. It is worn, however, loosely outside of the trousers. Chinamen, soft heelless slippers, may complete the outfit, but it is the accepted custom for the boys to go about the

house bare footed. It has been observed that if muchachos are allowed to dress in American fashion they are apt to step over and beyond the limits of their calling.

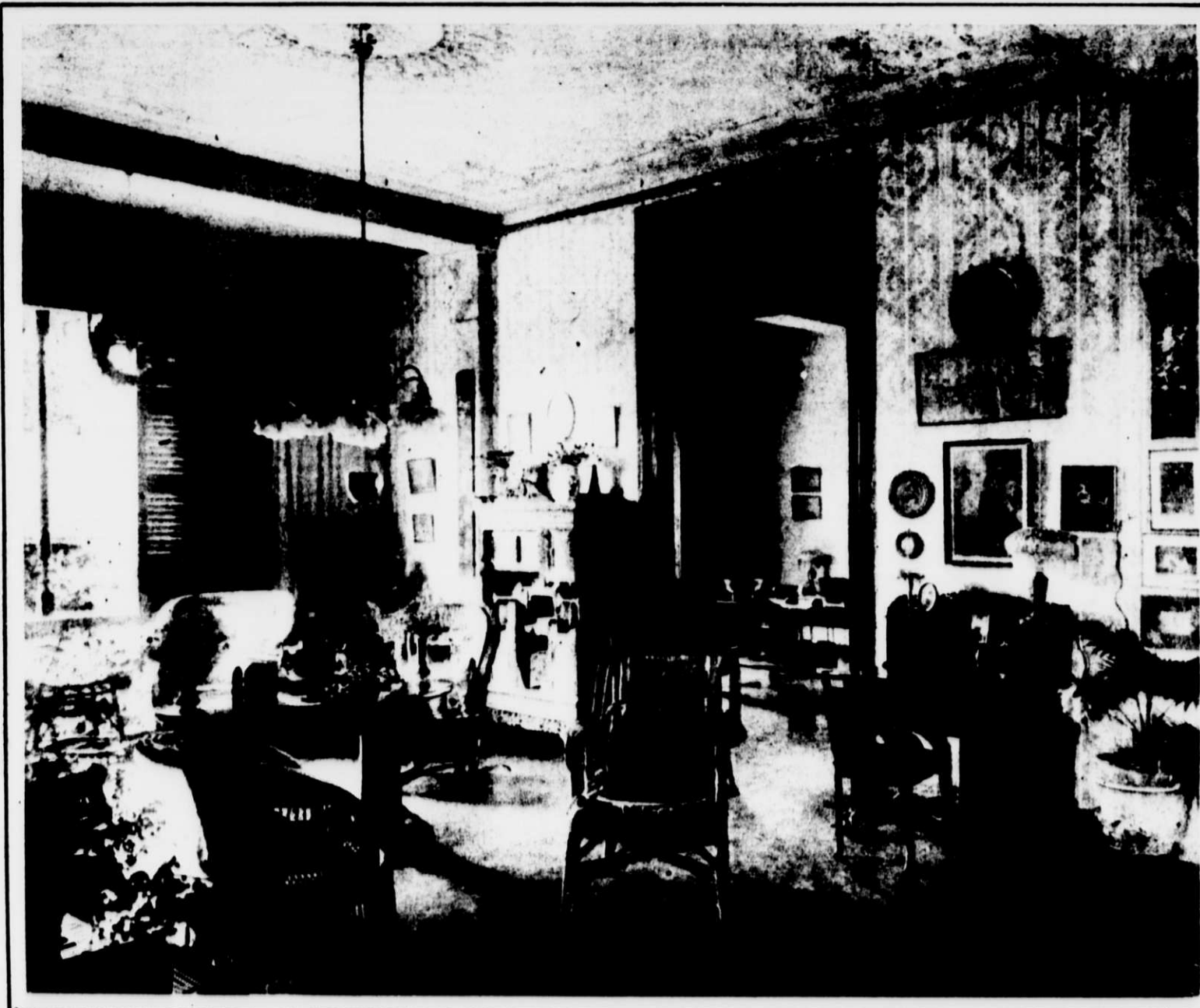
Manila is not so distressingly warm as is sometimes supposed. Although tropical in climate, the heat never reaches the fierce height of summers in New York and Chicago. There is a fresh breeze from the sea in the hottest season, April, May and June. Even at that time Manila is not as enervating or humidly hot as Singapore or Colombo.

There has been much to correct in a sanitary and hygienic way. Naturally in the fight for cleanliness, some of the picturesque bits of the medieval town have been sacrificed.

Still, even with its modern hotels and clubs, trolleys and automobiles, at each turn one comes into contact with some Oriental bit of local color. At one moment you pass a marvelous old church full of quaintly delicate wood carvings, centuries old. The mosque-like dome of the Archbishop's palace gleams white through the palms as one strolls along the Malacañan drive. Through the streets follow each other in a vivid, variegated flood of iridescent color: blue and purple clothed China folk, gayly kimonoed Japanese, turbaned Sikhs, American sailors and soldiers, white-robed Jesuit priests and brown garbed Capuchin monks, and Filipino women in the brilliant, vivid skirts and rainbow hued camisas of their native costume.

Nowhere in the world is there a promenade more distinctive and picturesque than the Luneta of Manila. Here at 5 in the afternoon juvenile Manila assemblies with its nurses and amials, to romp on the velvet greenward and revel in the fresh breezes from the bay. At 6 the concert begins and the flood of carriages and automobiles revolves slowly around the Luneta.

Night falls swiftly in the tropics. At 7 the concert comes to a finish, and at the opening notes of "The Star Spangled Banner" white uniformed army officers descend from their carriages and stand at attention, and civilians, private soldiers and sailors, and the immense and motley crowd of Filipinos listen respectfully, hat in hand, till the last strains are ended. Then the lamps on the automobiles and carriages flicker into light like thousands of huge fireflies and all Manila hastens away in the luminous dark blue beauty of the blossom scented tropic night to dine.



THE WALLS AND CEILING ARE COVERED WITH CLOTH WHICH IS FRESCOED IN PINK. THE SEA GRASS CHAIRS ARE UPHOLSTERED IN PINK.



ONE VIEW OF THE LARGE MIDDLE SALA OR DRAWING ROOM. IN THE ADJOINING ROOM MAY BE SEEN THE SLIDING SHELL WINDOWS.